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THE TYRANT PAUPERS;

OR, WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

READER, will you rise with me some hundred feet higher than the top of Bunker Hill Monument, and take a look at this country of ours, to see if it is not worth saving? Well, now we are looking down as the eagle does. There lies the old blue, briny road to all nations—sun, moon and stars for gas lights and way-marks, and the invisible flame of God's magnetism all over it, so that the mariner may traverse it as surely as he does his chart. There are its islands, and bays, and harbors; there are its fish, innumerable and immeasurable, scale fish and shell fish, enough to feed all mankind. There are the rivers, the glorious rivers, streaming like silver from the White Mountains and the Green, from the Adirondack and the Catskill and the Alleghanies, spreading a paradise over our interminable coast; and back yonder are the mightier floods which water the valley, of which the Alleghanies and their eastern slope are only a slight rim, like the crusty barrier around one of our grandmother's pumpkin pies. There roll the fresh water oceans with their fresh water whales, and porpoises, and tides, even; and the fresh water mariners count their miles by thousands. See the harvests—the wheat, rye, corn, potatoes, apples, pears, peaches, hemp, flax, cotton—see the sheep, and oxen and horses—and yet the country is only cultivated by patches; the most and the richest of it is yet to be reclaimed from swamps and forests. Human industry never had a more generous field since the world was made. Yonder are mountains of almost pure iron. Iron, coal, salt, plaster—the real wealth of a nation—are packed away under vast portions of the country, as if the great cellar thereof was crammed full for the use of future generations. Then there are the abundant stores of the smaller wealth of copper, zinc, lead, silver and gold. And look at the public improvements already effected in the march of our young civilization. Water and fire are at work to feed and clothe and carry us. We go like birds from Maine to Illinois, passing through granite ledges, and over ravines, rivers, marshes, and immense tangled quagmire swamps, in the twinkling of an eye. Glorious country, is it not?

Well, what is the reason that in a country so bountifully provided for, and with a population nowhere half great enough to bring its resources into full play, there is, every five or ten years, universal pecuniary distress—wide-spread-

ing bankruptcy and commercial ruin? Take the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for example, where almost every family produces more than it consumes, and where prodigality is hardly known. There they are, even now, just beginning to pick themselves up from a period of flat prostration. And they have gone through the same process several times before. How is it possible that their prudent, industrious, economical, clear-sighted manufacturers and merchants should be thus periodically plunged into the great "Despond Slough" of insolvency? From what storehouse of famine do these "hard" times come? We are not misgoverned like the Irish, and eaten up by absentee landlords. Thank Heaven, we govern ourselves, and own the soil in fee simple. But stop, I am wrong here. We do not exactly govern ourselves. *Some* things in our national politics are not done quite as we could wish—are they?

Now the truth is—and here is the key to the whole riddle—we are governed and ridden upon by a set of TYRANT PAUPERS, *and our dear, hard earned money goes to cover their backs with broadcloth, and line their stomachs with wine, oysters and roast turkeys.* And if you will be patient I'll tell you how.

In thirteen states of this Union there are 250,000 slaveholders, so banded together by their common interest, and with so staunch a hold of the political helm, that they manage the nation as they please—make and pull down embargoes, tariffs, banks, and sub-treasuries, and all the while get a luxurious living by the sweat of *other people;* and not only their own, but a living for a much larger multitude of dogs, horses, and human hangers-on. They do not live upon their money, their capital, their earnings laid up—that is, upon their own past labor—but upon *other people's labor.* Labor of every sort, and especially hand labor, they despise. They are *born gentlemen.* They are, in fact, *sturdy paupers,* who have quartered themselves like vultures, upon the industry of the whole country. The labor which they and their overseers extort from the poor black slaves, is but the beginning of their operations. With this they supply their first wants, keep the pot boiling, and get the credit of patriarchs and men of substance. We poor, handicraft men of the free states, in our simplicity, suppose that a man who owns fifty or one hundred *men*—body and soul—must be vastly rich—a *man* is so much more valuable than an ox or a horse, in our estimation. So we are glad to trade with such a patriarch. We sell him clocks, and rocking-chairs and coaches, and perhaps he pays us in doubloons, hardly deigning to count them, he is so very liberal. But as our southern patriarch has nothing on earth to do, but to live, and eat, and drink, and wear out, he is full of wants, and there is nothing too good for him. So we import silks, and cloths, and wines for him, and send our ships round the world for luxuries to please him, and tell him to suit his convenience about the *time* to pay. But his fifty or one hun-

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dred men are not so many *whole men*, working for his pockets as they would for their own. They have no interest in his prosperity, no motive to work for him but the fear of his overseer's lash. And they are so much cunninger than four-footed animals, that the lash cannot possibly get half a man's work out of them. Their *abused intellects* find employment in devising the best means *for eating and wasting as much, and producing as little as possible.* They waste his substance by all manner of slackness, and betray his lands to brambles and barrenness; and it is not in cow-hide and the muscles and swearing of an overseer to prevent it. So it happens, by and by, that the patriarch doesn't honor our drafts, for goods consumed by himself and his hangers-on, to a large amount. And here is a pretty kettle of fish! Some merchant in New-York or Philadelphia has done this grand business on commission, probably. He has sold coaches from Newark and Troy, boots and shoes from Lynn and Randolph, calicoes from Lowell, and all sorts of notions from Connecticut; and the manufacturers of these articles have open accounts with the makers of paint, and varnish, and leather and shoe-thread, and the masons, and carpenters and millwrights, who put up the buildings and machinery necessary for their operations—and all these have dealings with the farmers, who furnish the pork, and beans, and bread and potatoes; and when the New-York or Philadelphia merchant *fails*, because he cannot collect his southern debts, the loss goes back through all the branching channels by which the goods came in, till it pinches and grinds in every free laborers snug home, from the potato fields of Maine to the wheat fields of Illinois. Then comes the distress of widows and orphans, and the lamentations of honest hard-working fathers and mothers over the best years of their life's toil, and the hopes and the honors of their rising families all thrown away, and a sad cry for money to pay honest debts with—about the saddest cry that can come from an honest man.

The sums thus lost upon slaveholding paupers, cannot be accurately estimated. They doubtless amount on an average, to as much as it takes to support our expensive federal government; and the greater part of the latter expense goes likewise into the insatiable maw of the slavocracy. If this tax were annual and regular, it might be more easily borne. But it comes like an avalanche, in the midst of prosperity and dreams of splendid fortunes from this southern trade. So long as slavery lives, these tides of ruin will roll over us. In vain do we labor to abolish the credit system, and do business for cash. As long as we suffer ourselves to be governed by these slaveholding paupers, too proud to work, there will be among us men to trade with them in *the way they like best*, and that way must always involve a *suction of no their wealth*; for it is an eternal and inevitable fact, that slaveholders, with their slaves, do not, in any long run, produce as much as they consume. And how can man-stealers be honest men? How can those who do not pay their

field laborers, be expected *always* to pay their tailors shoemakers and merchants? History brands the slaveholders as *dangerous* customers. The British West India slaveholders were deeply in debt, their plantations shingled with mortgages, when emancipation came to their relief. And they had been haughtily getting into debt and going into bankruptcy for ages. The planters of our own southern colonies were so deeply in debt when our revolution opened, that some believe we owe their co-operation, to a considerable extent, more to their desire to wipe out the score by repudiation, than to their patriotism. However this may be, their proneness to promise more than they can pay has since been written in huge piles of *protested paper*—the only monuments of our departed millions.

Reader, Heaven has done for this country of ours all it need to. One thing *we* must do. We must deliver it from the government of TYRANT PAUPERS, who have applied their horse-leech-suction to the pockets of every free laborer —made labor, no, *honesty* dishonorable, and hatched the great cockatrice egg of REPUDIATION. They are not fit to govern. If we do not feel our humanity and sense of justice aroused in behalf of the outraged *human chattel*, let us, at least, prudently attend to our own interests and those of our own children. Let us stop making up the *deficit* of some twenty or thirty millions of dollars per annum, without which the slaveholders must starve into honesty and justice. And if we cannot do it otherwise, let us try the force of the BALLOT BOX. Let us swear upon the altar of Liberty, that our suffrages shall go to support no man or party that directly or indirectly, morally or physically, constitutionally or unconstitutionally, supports or encourages the TYRANT PAUPERISM OF SLAVEHOLDING!

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